

VOLUME V

TORONTO, JULY, 1924

NUMBER 1

GOBLIN

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K. STENNING.

A pleasure it is
On a moonlight ride,
With Patterson's Chocolates
By your side.



The Test Is FREE



How Men Win *A significant Shaving Cream Story*

By V. K. CASSADY, *Chief Chemist*

GENTLEMEN:

We win by service only, as you know. By doing one thing better than other men have done it.

That is the whole story of Palmolive Shaving Cream, one of to-day's sensations.

Here for 60 years we have studied soap. Some of the greatest soaps in existence are of our creation. Our Palmolive Soap is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Shaving soap a different problem

But Shaving Soap is different. It is not a cleanser, but a softener.

A dozen shaving creams each had countless followers. The users were reasonably satisfied. The problem was to create a Shaving Cream so superior that every man who tried it would adopt it.

We brought to our laboratory every other shaving cream. We put them all to

scientific tests. Then we studied to excel them in every quality desired.

We made 130 shaving creams, each better than the other. And we at last arrived at what we deem the utmost in a shaving cream.

Millions of men have adopted it. Tens of millions more will when they know. Not a living man has found a cream to do what this cream does.

Just watch it act

Don't buy it—just ask for a ten-shave test. Compare Palmolive Shaving Cream with the soap you are now using.

If we have done what you desire, adopt it. If not, return to the old. We ask no favors. Do what serves you best.

But we do ask the courtesy of a test, after all this effort to delight you, to serve you as others have not done. Concede us that test. You owe it to yourself and to us.

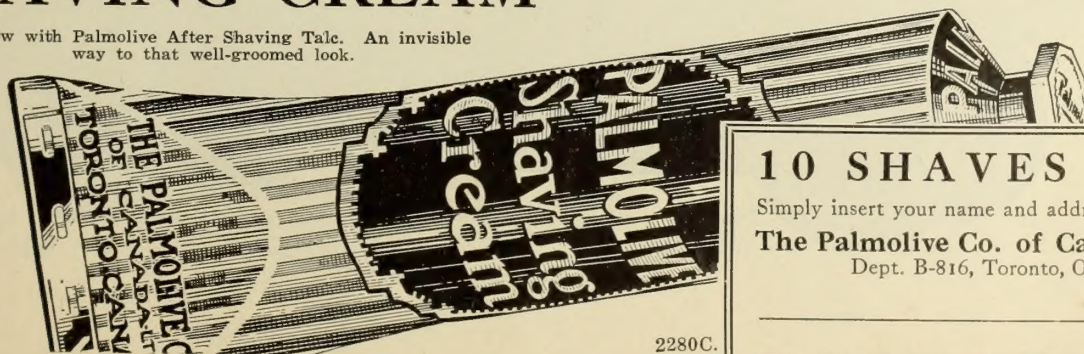
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Better Results

- 1 It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one-half gram suffices for a shave.
- 2 It acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15 per cent. of water.
- 3 It maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4 The super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting. That's the major purpose in a shaving soap.
- 5 The palm and olive oil content leaves delightful after effects.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc. An invisible way to that well-groomed look.



10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
The Palmolive Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Dept. B-816, Toronto, Ontario

NEW HIGH-POWERED REO SIXES

"THE Gold Standard of Values" is a Reo statement of fact because of certain exclusive and particular Reo features such as:



The New Touring Reo is pictured below.

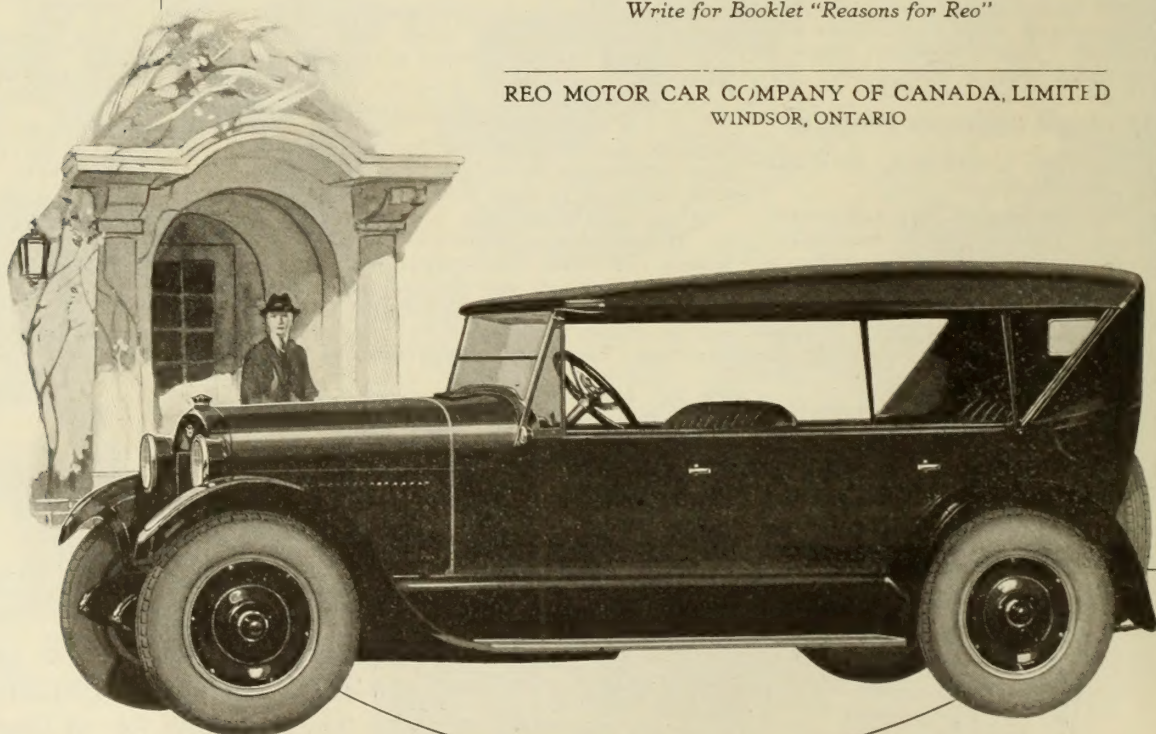
It is mounted on the Reo double-framed chassis, and powered with the 50 h. p. six-cylinder engine.

The price is \$2090 plus freight. All taxes included in price. Balloon tires and steel disc wheels are fitted for a nominal additional charge.

- Twenty years of continuous manufacturing.
- Concentration on one passenger car chassis.
- A factory-developed organization of artisans.
- Avoidance of experimental practices except on factory-owned cars.
- The use of special formula steels and factory-tested raw materials.
- Manufacturing the vehicles complete in the big Reo shops—not assembling.

Write for Booklet "Reasons for Reo"

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONTARIO



The Goblin

Volume V

TORONTO, JULY, 1924

Number 1



The Lady: "What are you going to be when you graduate from college?"

The Student (who has missed again): "An octogenarian, I think."

I Hate Summer Resorts

THAT give concerts of local talent . . . that get up teams to play other summer resorts . . . that serve pie three times a day . . . that make up for low room rates on the high canoe rates . . . that stage compulsory sing-songs . . . that have lumpy tennis courts . . . that decree evening dress for dinner . . . that don't keep stamps . . . that employ fresh clerks . . . that sell pennants . . . that seat honey-mooning couples at the same table . . . that have loose planks in the dock . . . that have ugly waitresses . . . that have no single

rooms . . . that have cracked pitchers . . . that serve water from "their own spring" . . . that have reunion dinners in the winter . . . that keep their own contented cow—on the front lawn . . . that have twisted forks . . . that crowd the dock every time the boat comes in . . . that have holes in the mosquito netting . . . that have spider webs on the ceilings . . . that have fancy dress balls . . . that have 1912 talking machines.

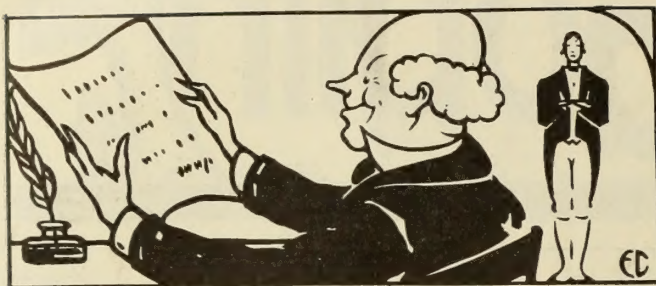
—Alden Daniels.



Horse-sense

*There was a sub-deb from Milwaukee,
Whose airs were exceedingly cocky,
She trimmed her sails
For the Prince of Wales,
But finally married a jockey.*

"What a Fool!"



AS HE read the silly, sentimental letters that featured the breach of promise case, Cummings grinned with amusement. The newspaper had printed excerpts from the correspondence between an ancient millionaire and a youthful manicure girl.

One of the missives written by the rheumatic poppa-guy began: "Dearest Snookyms," and ended: "With all the kisses in the world—Your own sweet honey poppa!"

"What a fool!" chuckled Cummings, laying aside the newspaper and accepting an envelope from a club attendant.

The envelope was lavender in color and highly scented. Cummings tipped the servant lavishly, opened

the letter, and read it. After the fourth reading, he got up, looked at himself in a mirror. Though his hair was gray and somewhat scanty, though he was inclined to plumpness, not exactly young, he certainly was a devil with the women!

Once more Cummings read the perfumed note. The last line was: "Be sure to write at once!"

With a proud smile on his wrinkled face, Cummings persuaded his creaking joints over to a writing desk in a corner of the club lounge. He picked up a pen and composed a letter to the chorus girl who had sent him the lavender-colored, scented note. His letter began: "Darlingest, Onliest, Girlieums." and ended: "With a great big hug for every star in the sky—Your loving, ickle, wickle popsey!"

—George B. Jenkins, Jr.

G—G—G

Seven Reasons Why I Stayed at Home This Summer

Because I hate summer hotel gossips.

Because I can't stand farm house meals.

Because Europe will be so crowded this year.

Because trains are so hot.

Because the country isn't really any cooler.

Because I take my work too seriously.

Because I couldn't afford to go away.

—Alden Daniels.



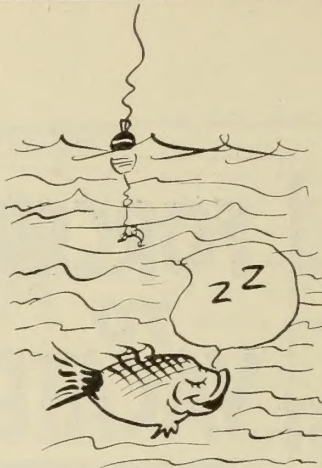
The Tired Business Man Decides to Spend a Quiet Afternoon At Home.



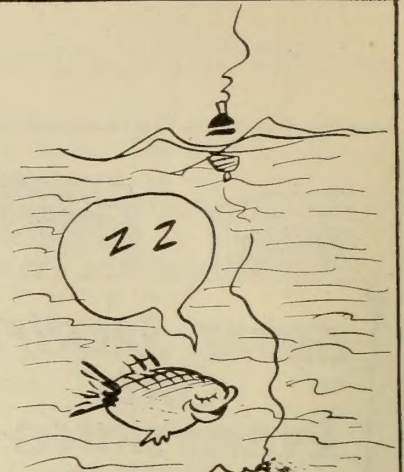
Portrait of a Successful Retailer Standing in Front of His Store



1. KEEP CLEAR OF ROPE WHEN
HEAVING ANCHOR OVERBOARD



2. DON'T FISH TOO
SHALLOW -



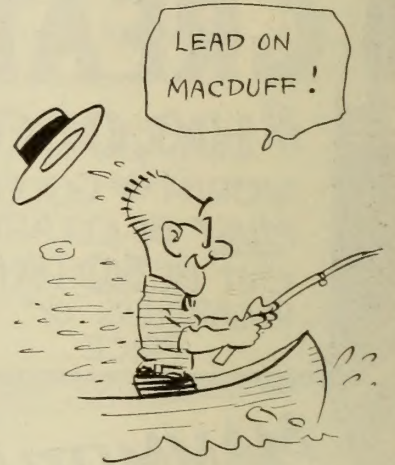
3. NOR YET TOO DEEP



4. WHEN FISH FINALLY
STRIKES -



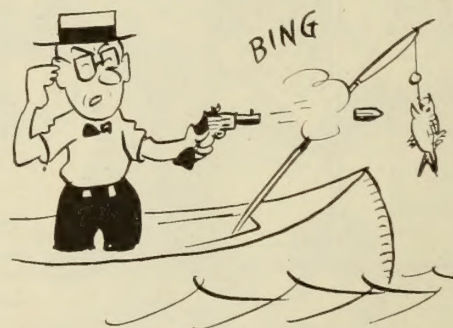
5. GIVE HIM PLENTY
OF TIME TO BECOME
PROPERLY HOOKED



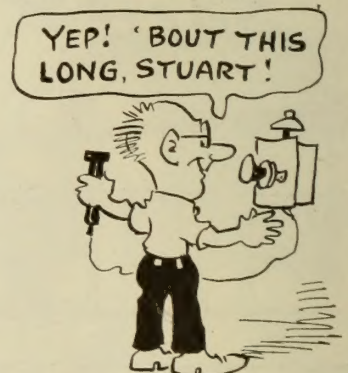
6. LET HIM RUN AS FAR
AND AS FAST AS HE
CARES TO



7. MAKE CERTAIN THAT HE
IS THOROUGHLY EXHAUSTED
BEFORE HAULING HIM UP



8. STUN HIM WITH
A WEAPON OF SOME
SORT



9. AND DON'T BE THE
GUY THAT PUT THE "I"
IN ANANIAS WHEN
PHONING YOUR FRIENDS
ABOUT YOUR CATCH.

- Moyer.

Why I Did Not Murder My Wife

A True Story

FLAME before my eyes, lightning shafts of anger searing my brain, a blinding glare of rage—I was furious.

"Is that so!" I shot at her.

"Yes, that's so"—mimicking me.

"Is that so!" I retorted.

"Yes, that's so"—wretched mimicry.

"Is that so!"

She was silent, outwitted in the little duel of words.

* * *

It, this clash, had started, if only I had realized it, the day I married Martha. She was so obviously not the girl for me, not the fit mate for such a man as I—no culture, you understand; no humor, no warmth, no nothing.

But I was a boy, a mere child, scarcely aware of the significance of the step I was taking. Some say she took advantage of my youth, but that is neither here nor there. I am not one to complain. I claim only that we were temperamentally different—indeed, I might even say antagonistic. I think I *will* say antagonistic. I will! Antagonistic!

I was patient at first and strove in every way to correct the differences. "Martha," I remember saying once, "you are a sweet girl but a bit goofish. I shall have to do something about it." Do you think she took this with a proper spirit? Ah me, no!

But, anyway, such being the kind of bird I am, I bought her "The Guide to Good Manners," and told her I expected to get a result or two from it, or you'd better look out! Myself, I was already, and had been for I hardly know how many years, as polished a gent as you'd find in a mile of saloons.

"You see that book?" I said once.

"Yes."

"Well, I know the fellow that wrote it."

* * *

She was silent, but not for long.

"Henry," she began.

"Tom," I corrected her.

"Well then, Tom—you may be my husband but you've got to stop this shouting."

My face grew purple with fury, my eyes swelled up, my ears waved fiercely, my teeth dropped out, I was so angry.

"Now look here—" I began.

"Jeff, you'd—"

"Tom," I said.

"Well then, Tom—I don't care what your name is—stop shouting."

For six years I'd stood for this sort of thing. Quietly, patiently, humbly, I'd been sitting back, unmoved in the violence of just such storms of abuse as this. Man's love bears only so much—and not so much, at that. For me the time to turn had come.

I rose from the coal bucket where I had been sitting, I crossed the room to the refrigerator.

"Martha," I said, and there was an insane gleam in my eye, "I am

going to choke you to death."

"Joe," she screamed.

"Tom," I repeated patiently.

"Well then, Tom—stop it!"

I reached for her throat—and then I paused, my fingers already touching the lily flesh.

I had my gloves on!

In that second I saw them, Martha's life hanged—hung?—hinged?—Martha's life laid in the balance. An instance, I suppose, of Instinct versus Inclination. And Instinct, that greatest of virtues, won, as you would expect if you knew the sort of bozo I am.

"Will you," I asked courteously, "pardon my gloves?"

Her eyes gleamed. She spoke—and her answer did not astonish me. Martha was never instinctively the kind of lady that I was a gent. Boorish—boorish at bottom.

"No," she said.

I bowed. I took defeat calmly. Without a word I took my hat and flung myself out into the night.

"Harold!" she called after me.

I did not answer.

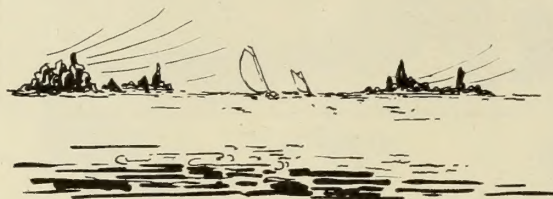
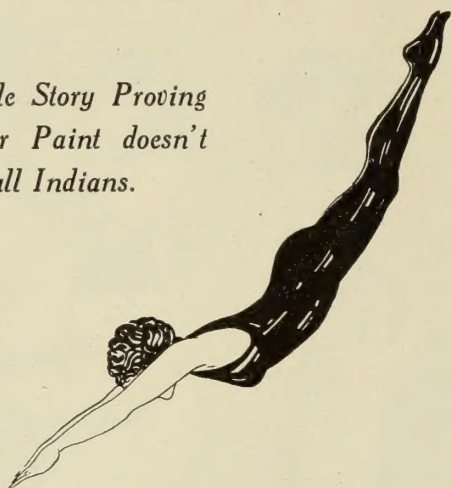
—Nunnally Johnson.



"Is That So!"

The Retort Discourteous

*A Little Story Proving
that War Paint doesn't
improve all Indians.*



With the effortless grace of a good swimmer, Carrington made the diving raft. There he saw the girl again, sitting on the edge of the raft. He calmly sat beside her, met her clear, direct gaze, and grinned. The girl accepted him without coquetry.

All that glorious afternoon they frolicked together. The girl's hair was confined beneath a tight black rubber cap; her mouth was a fresh rosebud. Carrington liked her; he asked her to dine with him. She accepted.

As he loitered on the verandah of the big beach hotel, Carrington saw a horrible sight approaching. A too-much made-up girl, her lips scarlet, her cheeks screamingly red, her eyebrows penciled, deep shadows painted beneath her eyes, came up and stood looking at him. This female catastrophe wore a green hat with orange feathers scattered upon it, a purple and pink sweater, a yellow silk skirt, red stockings and bronze shoes.

This girl smiled at Carrington. It was the girl of the black one-piece bathing suit, of the unforgettable lines.

"You didn't recognize me, all dressed up, did you?" she asked.

Carrington hesitated, while the little melody of romance that had been singing in his heart died away in discord.

"Pardon me," he said, dazed. But are you the—the woman—"

"Why—the idea—calling me a 'woman'." Her voice rose to a shrill scream. "If I wasn't a lady," was her retort discourteous, "I'd slap your face, you stuck-up little pill!"

—Geo. B. Jenkins, Jr.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
I have eaten raw cucumbers,
And I find that Life's a scream.

Heeler: "That's a pretty good
joke if I do say it myself."

Editor (wearily): "Yes, I've al-
ways liked that one."

That Man

Do you know "That Man"? I wonder. His name? Well, it doesn't really matter. "That man" is quite sufficient. A friend, you ask? A friend, indeed! An invaluable friend. Harken. He is the fellow with whom you suddenly recall a vitally important appointment just about the time your supper hostess suggests moving on to another retreat of unadulterated dullness. He is the one you promised to telephone about a dreadfully urgent business affair just when a certain friend expresses the desire that you become acquainted with his painfully unattractive sister. Again, he occupies your thoughts when you are confronted with the club bore, who hasn't seen you for years, and has amassed a bagful of ancient assorted anecdotes all for your benefit.

"That man" assumes countless roles and phases: his occupations and relations are infinite. Of course, he is invariably an important figure—a tremendously important one to me.

—John Torcross.

G—G—G

A Fellow Feline

We love you sweet Kitty;
We think you are cute.
Your coat is so pretty,
In fact you're a beaut.
We'll give you a bow
Of a ribbon so gay . . .
To-morrow you go
To the S. P. C. A.

G—G—G

And They Call It "The Silent Drama"

"Doesn't he look just like Joel!"

"Now they'll do it with the slow motion."

"I wonder how much she gets a week."

"Let's go to that. It's coming next week."

"Oh, I've seen this. She marries the Prince in the end."

"No, it's just a toy ship they use."

"Who was it, anyway, that told us this was a good picture?"

"Yes, there must be a net underneath."

"Let's open that other bag of peanuts."

"Do you really love me?"

—C.G.S.



Bobby (who has been given a new microscope for his birthday): "Grandma, can you lend me a flea?"

Ladies of My Varied Past

(Dedicated to S—, A—, M—, H—, L—, etc., etc.)

LADIES of my very varied past,
We have dined divinely at Love's feast!
Fear not that I'll weave into this verse
Details of the passions now deceased.

Though these lines would doubtless be improved
Should I mention who, and where, and when,
Such a course would surely interfere
If I chanced to fall in love again.

So you need not lie awake at night,
Need not shudder, shiver, shake, or fear,
What has happened—I will never write,
(Here I speak collectively) my dear!

Who would trust me (who would ever dare?)
If I dropped one solitary hint?
Not a single* woman of you all
Would be glad to see our past in print.

Also—this is just an afterthought—
It is possible that I would curse,
If you rhymed one of our episodes,
And a publisher should print the verse.

* Or married.

—Geo. B. Jenkins, Jr.

The Country Club Type

She is large, pale, and suspicious, and has a habit of whispering the most innocent remarks in the most venomous manner. The greater part of her day is passed on the club-house veranda in the only comfortable rocking chair, while going through the motions of pouring tea, reading a best seller, playing bridge or crocheting some article of apparel that, somehow or other, never achieves completion. There is practically nothing that she doesn't know about the other members of the club and, what is more, she doesn't conceal the fact. "Do you see that tall, thin woman with Mrs. Lansterleigh?" she will ask. "Well!" And before you are able to stop her, the entire history of the unfortunate in question is laid bare. She considers it a perfect outrage that the Friday night dances always last so late, and believes that the lounge should be re-decorated. Nevertheless, she is continually speaking of the "dear old club." She has been a member almost three months.

—Charles G. Shaw.

G—G—G

Enthused

Pumper: "Have you read Dr. Hopeland's article in this morning's 'Alien' on 'The Food Value of Bologna'?"

Nickle: "Yes. And very good, too. He was so full of his subject."

G—G—G

"What caused the fire?"
"Friction."
"Friction?"
"Yes, a \$20,000 policy rubbing against a \$15,000 stock."

G—G—G



Bill 'Awkins is a bit of a sporting card—fond of soccer and boxin' and likes to 'ave a bit on a 'orse 'e 'appens to fancy, don't you know. And Bill's nipper—little 'Enry, just risin' four year—is a-goin' to be a chip off the old block. The other evenin' Bill comes home to find little 'Enry in an 'igh state of hindignation. "Just fawncy, paw," the nipper bursts out. "Just fawncy maw a-feedin' of meat to the biby—feedin' of meat to a six-months-old biby—and us wiv a good dog in the 'ouse."

—F. M.



Vol. 5, No. 1
July, 1924

Published monthly by the Goblins, Limited, Mail Building, 272 Bay St., Toronto, Canada. Subscription \$2.25 per year in advance to any address in Canada and the U.S.A.; to Great Britain, \$2.60 a year; to foreign countries, \$2.65

a year. Manuscripts and drawings can be returned only when sufficient postage is enclosed. The editor reserves the right to make alterations as he sees fit in all manuscripts submitted.

20c a copy
\$2.25 a year

Managing Editor—Keith Crombie

The Canadian "Younger Generation."

HAVE you ever heard that the younger generation is rather inclined to be radical but that there is no cause for worry because in the course of time it will settle down and become as conservative as were its fathers? Of course you have. That idea is one of the most hackneyed of all the vast galaxy of hackneyed ideas which live on from year to year. The surprising thing about it though, as an idea, is that it is actually current at the present time. Once there was reason for it; to-day it is absolutely untrue.

The Canadian younger generation of to-day, that is, youngsters below the age of thirty at this time of writing, so far from being radical, are the most reactionary element in the country.

And small wonder! The real radicals, older men all, have supplied object lessons which are unmistakable to a rational youth. How can a young man, growing up, see enacted a farce such as the late radical Progressive regime in Ontario (for which his elders are entirely responsible) and not derive a valuable lesson therefrom? How could he live under the ludicrous

prohibition system which obtained, and still does obtain, in parts of Canada, and yet have any respect for the progressive and reform theories of the prohibition leaders?

Before the war many young men were radical in their views because they liked to flout the accepted order of things. Ten years, however, have knocked the world topsy-turvy and changed all this. To-day the accepted order of things is not nearly so generally accepted. Now it is a case of every man for himself when it comes to political thinking, and the young Canadian is thinking conservatively. Socialism, communism, does not appear to him as a panacea for anything, but rather as something to be associated with national bankruptcy and economic instability.

In the matter of "reform" the young Canadian is apt to be skeptical about the power of legislation to change average citizens into paragons of righteousness. This skepticism is also, in no small measure, due to the force of an object lesson, that being the extraordinary number of supposedly very righteous notabilities who have turned out to be hypocrites in recent years.

Notage Canadien

In Defense of Bad Manners

THAT to be truthful is to be rude is a universally admitted fact, the reverse of which is likewise so, i.e.: to be polite is to be untruthful. Hence, as a fundamental, we observe our social structure to be of wholly false fabric. One must lie in order to remain a part of it; one must perjure oneself for the sake of one's manners. Surely a sorry arrangement of affairs.

If we are bored at a dinner party (and at several dinner parties such has been the case), we cannot rise from our chair and, wending our way into the pantry, request of the butler the drollest anecdote he has recently heard. Indeed, we cannot even collect our coat and hat and slip around the corner to the nearest delicatessen shop. When our hostess springs the name of the play to which we are about to be dragged, we cannot look her straight in the eye, and tell her quite frankly that we have not only witnessed it before but, moreover, that we walked out on it after the first act. We cannot do that. All that we *can* do is to smile sickly and murmur something about how delightful we heard it was. And when the appalling performance is done with, and we huddle together in the draughty entrance of theatre, like a group of stray sheep, helplessly awaiting the limousine which is sure to be the last in line, we cannot impress our dear hostess with the fact that we have already put up with quite enough for one evening, and that we most assuredly have not the slightest

intention of battling our way into a supper restaurant, where, at a table, we will make more inane chatter, or be buffeted and battered on the crowded dance floor. No, we cannot do this. We must lie about it all. We must lie from the awful beginning to the bitter end. Of course we will be charmed to do this, and enchanted to do that. It has been such fun. Fun!

Well, if we *will* be polite, we must assume the dire consequences.

—John Torcross.

G—G—G

Life is very
Like a play,
Some parts merry,
Others gray.



"See that chap over there? I've been his doctor for thirty years."
"Is that so? He must have a wonderful constitution."

Some will curse it,
Others glow
BUT
All stick round
To see the show!

G—G—G

Tears

Tears still well up in our eyes and drip down on our fresh-laundered Forsythes when we happen to lie awake at night lamenting the faithless Chicago Black and White Sox who sold the world series some seasons ago. We will never be able to forget the pathetic urchin who ran sobbing after Shoeless Joe Jackson crying, "It isn't true is it, Joe? Tell me it isn't true," or some such refrain. Them was grievous days, brothers.

Now in this year of grace, 1924, the political horizon is muck-be-sprinkled. But do we hear the same howls of anguish and gnashing of natural and store teeth? Have multitudes of tired and non-tired business men risen in their righteous wrath and sworn to smite all graft-offenders hip and thigh? Where are the great waves of indignation and revulsions of feeling, as they say in the papers? Again we ask you, where are they? They are in the same class as the ocean-going dinosaur, the old nickel cigar and Dr. Cook's discovery of the North Pole.

One reason for this may be found in the fact that hero-worship is sel-
(Continued on page 27)



Ladies of the Lake



Irate Guest: "Look here, the rain is simply pouring through the roof of my bed-room."

Summer Hotel Proprietor: "Absolutely according to our prospectus, sir. Running water in every room."

Helpful Hints for Summer

Don't discard that worn-out lawn mower. Lend it to your neighbour the next time he comes to borrow things. This will soon discourage the habit.

* * *

When overheated, a good look at the empty coal-bin should have a chilling effect.

* * *

For a delicious summer beverage: Take one bottle of Bass' Ale—that's all.

* * *

A couple of tailor's dummies placed near the hole in the screen will serve to discourage mosquitoes.

* * *

For those who object to the smell of oranges being eaten near them on excursions: Rub a quantity of castor oil in the hair. This will guarantee you the solitude you desire.

The Petition Complex

One of the most alarming features of our remarkable civilization is that peculiar phenomenon: the Petition Complex. We first became aware of its existence the day our neighbour in the apartment below us came to the front door.

"Did you hear the terrible racket last night?" he asked.

We admitted we had.

"We are getting up a petition to have those people put out," he said. "It's positively criminal. We happened to have our window open and the noise was terrific after two o'clock in the morning. I've traced it to the apartment next yours. Will you sign this petition for their ejection?"

As the man had made a slight error in placing the blame we felt bound to decline. But the incident brought him to our notice.

The next time we saw him he was going from door to door in a far corner of the city.

"What's up?" I asked.

"It's the Chinese," he said.

"Really!" said I.

"Yes, you see they've captured some missionaries and are holding them for ransom. The residents of Beachcliff are getting up a petition to the Emperor of Japan, asking him to intervene. Will you sign here?"

* * * * *

The other day, quite by accident, I came upon a little affair down town. In the window was pasted a sign with the following legend in a bold clear hand:

"STEP INSIDE

"And Sign Petitions Against Dog Catching, Butterfly Mounting, Fly Swatting, Log Rolling, Hair Bobbing, Worm Baiting, House Warming, Mouse Trapping and Order Your Next Winter's Coal."

I entered and found, as I expected, my friend. Eagerly he grabbed me by the lapel of my coat.

"Listen," he said. "Have you seen the papers? It's awful. Scientists say that the sun is going to crack in two. That means everything on earth will be changed. Seasons will be all upset, freight rates will have to be revised, excursion dates cancelled, apartment rents altered and the clothing business utterly transformed. Don't you see what a terrible catastrophe this would be to us all? Now my plan is that if everybody was to sign a petit—"

* * * * *

Will all citizens anxious to see the death sentence I received for this murder commuted, please sign below:

.....



"I want a day off to look for a job for the missis."
"Will you be back to-morrow?"
"Yus, if she don't get it."



Cupid Conquers the Censor

or

The Triumph of Love Over the Blue Pencil

"I . . . you," said the young man, "your . . . shine like the stars, and your . . . are like pearls."

"Tell me," cooed the maiden at his side, "have you ever been in . . . before?"

"No," the youth replied, "in all my life I have never . . . another."

The ivory moon hung low in the heavens, blinking serenely through the scattering clouds and, in the distance, the strain of soft music floated through the garden. Truly an ideal setting for . . . making.

"Dearest," continued the young fellow, "from the very moment we met, I realized it was . . . at first sight."

"Yes," smiled the girl, "I, too, felt that I was in . . . with you."

"Then you will be my . . . ?" cried the other in ecstasy, clutching the hand of his fair companion.

"Yes," she answered, "I will be your . . ., I . . . you so much. And we will be . . . in June."—C.G.S.

On Straw Hats

It was a knockout. Just the right brim. A perfect crown. A ribbon not too bright nor yet too dull. It took me eight hours to find it. But my new straw was a holy delight. I marched proudly from the store. As I turned into the Avenue, a gust of wind caught it. It soared majestically. I clutched frantic handfuls of air. I cursed frantic mouthfuls of the same. I dashed headlong through the throng. The hat kept gracefully out of reach. I crashed into a building. Caromed into an adipose lady. It was a perfect billiard. She squealed indignantly. The hat touched the sidewalk. I skinned my nose in a mad dive. It swirled into the street. The wheels of a taxi! My heart rose in my throat. My lovely lid. Never touched it! I bounded after. A fender caught me. But it threw me towards the hat. So I didn't mind. One hand reached for it. A limousine crushed four fingers. The hat sailed on. It came to rest in the middle of the street. Calmly and grandly it lay there. A quick leap and I had overtaken it. I bent over. Reached down to pick it up. The precious thing was saved! Just then another taxi hit me. I fell flat on the hat. It was smashed beyond recognition. But I don't care. I won't need another straw. I'm summering in the hospital.

—W. K. Ziegfeld, Jr.

Degradation

Do you remember

The big, brawny, bartender, the ex-pugilist,
At Cassidy's?

People used to bring their friends half way across
the city

To admire his biceps

And his ineffable cocktails . . .

Now he leads a life more secluded

Than a harem beauty.

Only a chosen few

Slip in by the back door

For a quart of moonshine.

G—G—G

Parc Lafontaine

I don't speak good French,

Mais, chérie, je t'aime;

Let us sit on this bench,

I don't speak good French,

But I do love you, wench—

Tu comprends tout le même

I don't speak good French,

Mais, chérie, je t'aime.

—S

How Anson Purdy Got His Start

By Roy K. Moulton

ANSON PURDY, mortgage shark and coal dealer, drove by the general store in his new six cylinder snort wagon looking neither to the right nor to the left and totally ignoring the little knot of hangers-on who sat sunning themselves before the door-step.

"I recollect when Anse wasn't so powerful high and mighty," ruminated Uncle Ezra Harkins, as he shifted his chew and placed his right leg carefully over his left knee. "I recollect," he continued, "when Anse didn't have a thing on earth but a mule, and it wasn't much of a mule to look at. It was a raw boned, bleary eyed, pathetic lookin' piece of animile architecture with a paint brush tail and wings on the side that hung despondent like till they nearly touched the ground. The only thing this mule could do was dodge, and it was the best dodger that ever got out of the way of an oatmobile or a street car. Anse used to make the county fairs with this animile, stick the animile's head through a big piece of canvas and let the boys throw eggs at it. The mule put all of the nigger 'African Dodgers' in this locality out of business in two seasons and had the field all to himself. Every feller that hit the mule's face with an egg got a good cigar, but few did the trick and Anse did quite well during the fair time every fall.

"But that wasn't the way he got his real start, for Anse never got very far on the Rockefeller route until he went into the coal business. Anse lived down by the railroad track and his back yard wasn't more than two rod away from the rails. One day Anse was clean, plumb busted, and he set in his back yard watchin' the trains go by. The mule set by him to keep him company and between 'em, I believe they hatched out the slickest get-rich-quick scheme ever invented. It beat oil stock and green goods to a frenzied frazzle. Anse noticed that when the trains went by, the firemen often shied coal at objects along the road. That gave him his idee, and after whispering it to the mule, he went and got a pot of paint and borrowed a brush and made up a sign which he stuck up in the back yard. The sign read like this:

"—\$5 REWARD TO ANY ENGINEER, FIREMAN OR BRAKEMAN, WHO KIN HIT THIS HERE MEWL WITH A CHUNK OF COAL."

"Anse hitched the mule out in the back yard adjacent to the sign and set down to await developments. Nothing happened the first day, but several train crews read the sign as they were goin' by. The word was passed along the line and the boys got into a good natured contest to see which one would be the first to hit the mule and get the five spot. Anse got so he set on the fence and waved a five-dollar bill at 'em as they went by. Excitement soon rose to fever heat. The second day Anse got about a half ton of good soft

coal which landed in the yard, and Maude, for of course that was the mule's name, dodged every one of the chunks successful. The third day Anse got a whole wagon load and hired a shed from Deacon Purdy to store it in. Coal kept comin' a little more every day until Anse had to hire two men to load it on the wagons and haul it to the shed.

This kept up all summer and Anse didn't take the sign down until late in the fall. He had enough coal on hand to supply several good contracts and never lost a five-dollar bill. Toward the last that mule got so she would stand puffctly still and make faces at the train crews and hee-haw like all git out, every time they aimed a curve or a down shoot at her. Anse peddled coal all winter and made the mule pull the wagon, which was the most ongrateful feature of the whole business.

"The next summer he raised the reward to \$10.00 and got twice as much coal as he did the summer before. Then he quit. The mule dodged so quick one day, that she got tangled up in the rope and broke her neck, but Anse didn't care. He was runnin' a wholesale and retail coal and wood yard by that time and was rakin' in the dough like a Monte Carlo gambler. That's how Anse Purdy got his start."



Poor Fish.



Nurse: "Are you the young lady who was with him when the car went into the ditch."

Visitor: "Yes. I thought it would be only fair to come and give him the kiss he was trying for."

The Confessions of a Picnic Goer

BEFORE venturing on a picnic I invariably partake of a substantial and well-cooked repast. Thus, am I wholly impervious to the rock-like, hard-boiled eggs, the petrified biscuits, the unopenable tins of sardines, the over-salted almonds, and the tepid ginger-ale.

I strongly object to people who sing old drinking songs at picnics, and then offer me a paper cup full of luke-warm sarsaparilla. As yet, I have never attended an evening picnic at which someone did not suggest building a bonfire, nor have I known of a picnic where there was a sufficiency of matches. I am especially against beach picnics; sandy food is not to my liking.

I am unable to detect the delight of being devoured by mosquitoes while pretending to devour soggy sandwiches, nor can I arouse the slightest sympathy for the fellow who carries the hampers, rugs, thermos bottles, camp stools, cushions, etc. He should have more sense. A mandolin at a picnic seems to me about as appropriate as a saxophone at a funeral.

The theory of roadside picnics I utterly fail to fathom. Dust as a savory I am, as yet, unable to relish.

I frankly admit that I find a chair more comfortable than a sand dune, a table more practical to eat upon than a grassy knoll, and a dining room not nearly so windy as a meadow.

When the moment arrives for cleaning up and collecting the various receptacles, implements and paraphernalia, I invariably manage to be well away from the theatre of action. My attendance at picnics is regularly once every year.

—Charles G. Shaw.

News Items We Expect to See

TORONTO, Ontario.—Sixteen members of the Moderation League commit Hari-Kari in front of the City Hall as a protest against the Ontario Temperance Act.

Washington, D.C.—Congress last night passed bill compensating relatives of all murderers executed since the Declaration of Independence, after a committee of alienists had declared them (the murderers) insane.

London, England.—The Ras of Tafari was to-day the guest of the nation. It is rumoured that he is seeking an engagement for his daughter with the Prince of Wales.

Brockville, Ontario.—Professor Squibbs discovers that the sun is not going to split in two but is, rather, growing at the rate of 10,000 cubic miles per second.

Hollywood, Cal.—Daughters are born to the following movie stars: Thomas Meighen, Conway Tearle and Adolph Menjou. Christened as follows: Thomasina, Conwayessa and Adolphia.

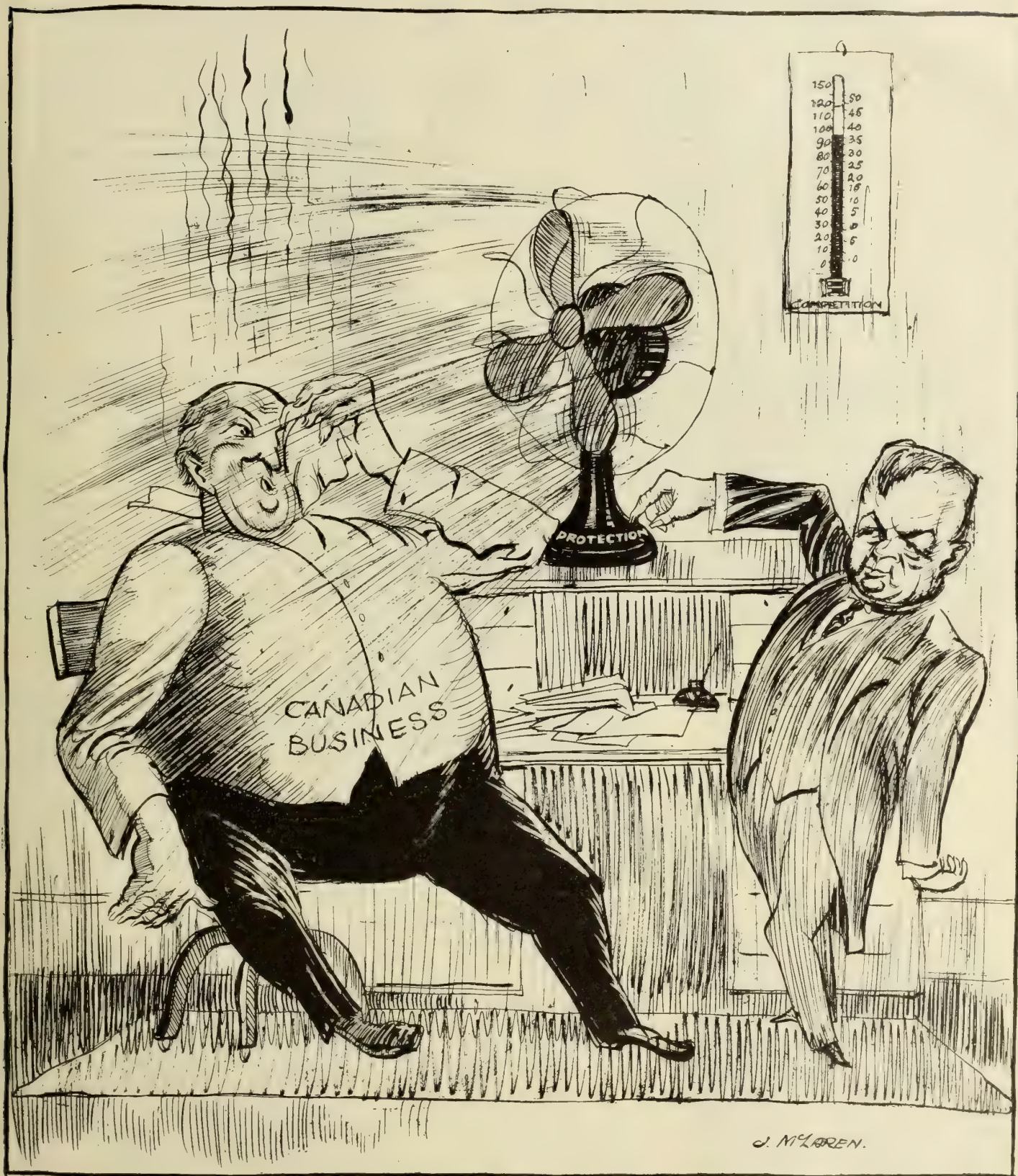
New York, N.Y.—Dolly Fluffy, Broadway chorus girl, loses wager and must kiss "Toodles," the baby gorilla in Central Park Zoo. On being told the news the gorilla fainted.

Washington, D.C.—President Coolidge became volatile to-day over loss of pet owl from oak tree near the White House.

—Stephen Moon.



Tolled By An Idiot



Temperature 98° in the Shade.

The Little Gentleman: "It's really not a bit hot. I think I'll just turn off this fan."

Come, Oh Come up to Kozyholme!

This year, when planning your vacation, arrange to spend it among the whispering pines at Kozyholme Harbour where life is better. We promise to give you a summer you'll never forget.



Above — Kozyholme Harbour Hotel as it stands to-day.

At Right—The proposed new wing, which should be completed some time in the near future.



Golfers are well provided for at Kozyholme. The Lake Thingmagogchee Golf Club, only fifteen miles away across the lake, makes it possible for everyone to enjoy a game. The Hotel also provides other sports.

If you like picnic a la carte, we have a hay waggon which is at your disposal.

If you enjoy swimming, take a jump in the lake.

Perhaps you would appreciate an odd game of tennis. You'll get an odd one on our courts.

Would you like to paddle, row, sail, go for launch rides? You never saw anything like our wide selection of boats. "Anything that floats" is our motto.

Fishing, too. You can fish for any kind of game fish in the world. Just try and catch a few when you come up.

Kozyholme Harbour is only five hours by telephone from the city.

In passing, we might touch on the marvellous kitchens and our unexcelled sanitary arrangements, quoting Aime Hi, noted Chinois-Francais chef: "I needed to glance at them for only a moment," he declares. "They quite took my breath away."



The tennis court at Kozyholme.

FAR from the madding crowd up on Lake Thingmagogchee, nestles Kozyholme Harbour, "the most wonderful spot in North America." It lies fifty miles east, thirty-six miles north and twenty-one miles south-west on beautiful Lake Thingmagogchee. It is easily approachable by two railroads, all of which go within fifty miles of the hotel, a fast buggy service being available fortnightly to the stations.

The hotel itself is commodious and homelike. The exclamations of some of our guests on first seeing it are a treat to the ear. Every convenience is available, including oil-lamps.

Immunity from Hay Fever is one of the Charms of Kozyholme. Only two of our guests ever showed any signs of developing Hay Fever, and both these died mysteriously the same night, so we may say that the Hotel has maintained its record of never having a case of Hay Fever.



At Left—Montmorency Q. Jones (proprietor of Kozyholme), to whose farsightedness and perseverance the success of Kozyholme is due.

At right—The principal salon-a-manger at Kozyholme.



Letters From Guests

Miss Dixie Lland writes: Every "an-num," I flee me "con mucho gusto" to the great heart of Mother Nature at Kozyholme Harbour. There I forget the cares and "soins" of the school teacher's life. At the time of writing, I have been here but three days, but anyone can readily see that I have no class now.

Al Fresco, prominent stock broker of Vegreville, Alberta says: Your golf course made such an impression on me that I feel as if I were still going round.

And now we have Miss Ann Surmee, famous Czech globe-trotter: I have seen the views from a thousand piazzas, porticos, verandahs and back stoops, but I would not think of comparing a single one with the view from your inn balcony. I have never seen such a sight.

Last year after Flavius Nobbs, the poet, returned from spending two days at Kozyholme, he composed the following poem which he suggested we print in this year's prospectus.

Here it is:

Come up and stay at Kozyholme,
At Kozyholme, at Kozyholme.



Above—ready for the Saturday evening hop at Kozyholme.

At left—A happy group of holiday-makers, for whom the cares of the city have vanished under the magic spell of Kozyholme.

At right—The woods near Kozyholme abound with many beautiful spots for picnics.

Come up and stay at Kozyholme,

It's really rather jolly.

Your room will be beneath the roof,

Which leaks above your bed;

The bees and wasps are healthy there,

They're always overfed.

And you will find the bathing beach

Is full of pretty glass;

With poison ivy here and there,

About a quaint morass.

The rates are quite above reproach,

In fact they're out of sight;

The meals are lovely if you should

Forget your appetite.

Come up and stay at Kozyholme,

At Kozyholme, at Kozyholme,

Come up and stay at Kozyholme,

It's really rather jolly.

The rates are from \$10 to \$50 per week, depending upon the person. Accommodation was provided for 75, but over Labor day last year, we found the hotel would hold 310. Record crowds are expected this year.

For reservations address:

M. Q. Jones, Prop.,

Kozyholme Harbour.

Our inn has been a home for thousands. Let us take you in.





"What's the idea of washing only one finger?"
 "Jimmy Smith has asked me over to his home to feel
 his baby brother's new tooth."

Pests of the Summer Season

The Athletic Girl: Lounges about most of the day in an Annette Kellerman, causes a tidal wave every time she dives. This birdie has a cute habit when in the water of splashing passing canoeists who are fully dressed. Being a girl it is not considered *au fait* (for some unknown reason) to drown her. Looks as out of place in the ball-room as an onion in a nosegay and dances like Strangler Lewis in action.

The Perpetual Correspondent: His idea of the ideal summer resort is the one with the largest writing room and the most variegated supply of picture postcards. This specimen sends out daily a couple of dozen bulletins as follows: "Having a wonderful time! Wish you were with us!"

Dashes off two letters and a telegram before breakfast as a constitutional. Appears at meals with ink-stained fingers. Battle-cry: "Have you got any stamps?"

The Heart Wrecker (Male): Wears a blazer that would shame an organ grinder's monkey. Has more cushions in his canoe than a successful politician has friends. Has about as much use for the other males as a moth has for a suit of armour. Cultivates sideburns, the Argentine tango, Laurence Hope, a soulful expression and the three prettiest waitresses. Knows the exact hour the moon rises on any given date. Is a poor sailor but right at home in a hammock. Has a between dance technique that makes Rudolph Valentino look like Ben Turpin.

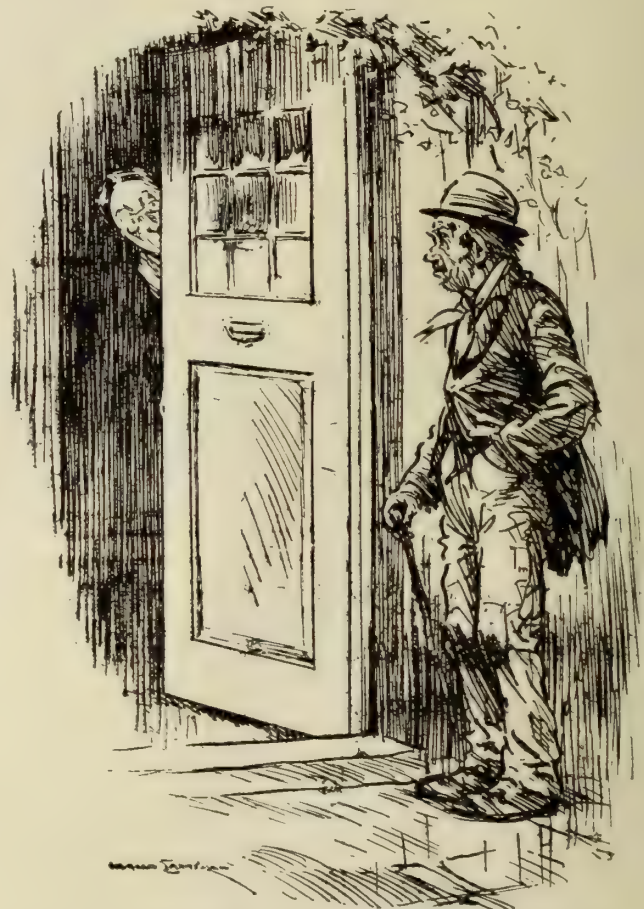
The Heart Breaker (Female): The females of this species are very timid and are seldom seen before noon.

In the afternoon and early evening may easily be observed and picked out by reason of bright plumage and habit of flapping wildly about. At night, on the shore, may be heard emitting soft, cooing sounds. Uses the sprained ankle ruse to avoid picnics on which there are no handsome males, in regard to whom she works on the principle that there is safety in numbers.

The Naturalist Bug: This non-essential gets itself included on as many hiking excursions as possible, where it immediately takes the role of instructor. People who set out with no other idea but to relax among pleasant natural surroundings suddenly find themselves getting education. Timid women who never realized the woods contained so many bugs with dangerous names go back to the hotel. And for the frolicking student the great, green woods suddenly assume an atmosphere depressingly academic. This creature works on the principle that you would enjoy your hash a lot more if you knew the names of its various ingredients—which is doubtful.

The Weather Prophet: The less said about this wet blanket the better. To him the most glorious sunset,—purple clouds on a gold sky, shot with pink, etc.

(Continued on page 26)



"My husband will be back in a minute; you'd better be off."

"You're quite right, mum, we don't want no scandal."



CRAZY MAN. By Maxwell Bodenheim. Harcourt, Brace & Company, New York. \$2.00.

TOLD BY AN IDIOT. By Rose Macaulay. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.00.

ANN'S AN IDIOT. By Pamela Wynne. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$2.00.

Some titles of current fiction offerings present no nirvana from the silly season. But the tales themselves often carry a pleasant surprise. Consider **CRAZY MAN**. It is the story of a shop girl and a New York sinner, written by a young Chicago writer who is commanding greater respect with each book he writes. The story is well told in the best modern manner, yet has a style unlike anything yet encountered. Had it appeared aeons ago, then "stark realism," if you know what we mean, would have been the term employed by doctors of literature. A simple analysis finds it thoroughly enjoyable for its directness and disregard of sham. Here we find no long arm of coincidence interfering with a consistent plot that has more than a little of beauty balancing its directness. The book will appeal to most judges of worthy current writings.

It is a large picture that Rose Macaulay paints in **TOLD BY AN IDIOT**, no vignette or hasty, ornamental flourish this. Covering, as it does, several generations of the Garden family, it forms an astute study of character, an analysis of society, and a history of our times. The author employs a gaiety and iridescent wit in a mood transcending satire while unfolding the incidents of fifty years of strenuous times as lived by this English family. One would expect from the same pen that turned out "Potterism" and "Dangerous Ages" a novel of importance, but that such a great step forward in craftsmanship should result in this last effort is more than sanguine admirers and an expectant publisher perhaps dared hope. Mr. Smith will lend his copy of the book to all his friends; Mr. Jones won't allow his to leave his shelf. Does that help explain the sort of book it is?

If you break a leg and find yourself in the hospital as a result, kind friends are likely to fetch you a copy of **ANN'S AN IDIOT**. They do bring all sorts, you know, to the bed-ridden and defenceless. But, if by any chance they overlook it, then buy it yourself to take it up to the lake country for that two weeks in August. It will make the dilliest kind of reading for that comfy hammock on the porch at old camp Kil-Kare. It's simply *wonderful!!*—W. W. W.

THE LAST FRONTIER. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Toronto: Longmans, Green, publishers.

Another yarn of the covered wagon days with Wild Bill Hickok, lariats and injuns. You know what to expect and if you have a weakness in this direction you will like it.

SPIRIT OF IRON. By Harwood Steele. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, publishers.

A truly stirring novel of the North-West Mounted Police, written authentically and yet with such an idealism that one

can foresee the day when these men will hold the legendary place in Canadian history that the Knights of the Round Table occupy in British history. Plenty of action.

THE PUPPET MASTER. By Robert Nathan. It proves that delicate and fanciful tales are being written still.

SO BIG. By Edna Ferber. The lady's clever.



Have You Turned 'Round the Corner?

and found a little shop where you can borrow the latest English and French novels, biographies and plays for a few cents a day?

The Little Shop 'Round The Corner
1184 Bay Street, South of Bloor.

Serving the Needs of Conservative Investors

The ability to judge the value and safety of Bonds is the outcome of many years experience and study.

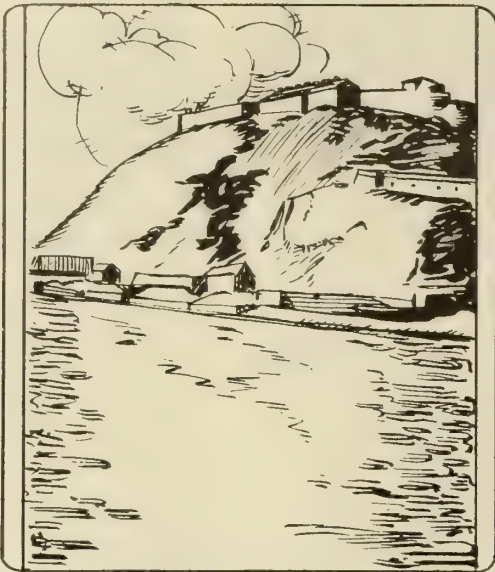
Our recommendation of a bond is your safeguard.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO 26 KING ST. E.
MONTREAL ESTABLISHED 1901 LONDON, ENG.

THE COMBINATION MAN

by Mildred Low



Garbed in neat navy-blue,
That badge of service true,
He meets the public with unvarying smile;
Never hurried, never flurried,
Nor appearing one bit worried;
And as the journey lengthens, mile by mile,
With all such kind attentions as be due,
He doth the weary traveller to comfort sweet beguile.

Have you neglected to secure a chair
Well in advance upon this busy line?
A serious oversight for sure, but there—
Do not despair.
The conductor may be doubtful, tell you "Every seat is gone;
There is not a vacant place."
Take heart of grace.
"For wait," he whispers, "maybe further on
He'll see what can be done.
He'll try his very best."
In fine,
The passenger is presently provided with a seat.



This is an ode
To the parlor-car conductor of the Canadian National Road,
On the branch that runs from old Quebec and past Valcartier camp,
(Where our soldiers used to tramp)
To a happy hunting-ground
Where all kinds of game abound.
If you have ever travelled by this most obliging line,
You'll agree this verse of mine
Is a tribute none too fine
To the prodigies of valor that amazing man performs.
Never hurried, never flurried,
Nor, it seems, the least bit worried
By the multitudinous duties that pertain unto his lot,
He's always on the spot.
Alike in summer's heat or winter's storms,
He wearieeth not.
Amidst wild war's alarms
Or now that we may revel in the piping times of peace,
His efforts never cease.



How the miracle is wrought
This deponent knoweth not,
For the car is not o'ercrowded and no one is dispossessed.
The arrangement is complete.
The latecomer is satisfied and so are all the rest.

If you are vexed with luggage cumbersome
And fearful lest your station should slip by,
Perish the thought!
There's not
The remotest possibility this ever should occur.
You need not stir
From your joyous observation of the landscape as it passes,
Nor adjust your reading-glasses
To study the time-table with apprehensive eye.
For when you come
Near the place where you alight,
You may be certain quite
The parlor-car conductor will give you warning fair.
With mental oversight,
His passengers he labels with a never-failing care,
And on the platform there

In order as they leave the train, their suit-cases are placed;
Which he, as railway porter, with no fuss
Doth handle, in the public service thus
Eliminating waste.

Clad in neat navy-blue,
His porter's badge in view,
He grabs the luggage with a practised ease,
Never hurried, never flurried,
Nor the very least bit worried,
Lest some might think his dignity might suffer a decrease,
His only object being his passengers to please.

Mayhap you leave the Ancient Capital
Without attending to the inner man.

Perchance, perforce, you have to sprint
To catch that early train and rush, pell-mell,
Into a rapidly retreating car.

The pangs of hunger gnaw;
But pshaw!

What need has one to trouble about such a little thing?

A look, a smile, a hint,
To our amiable conductor who'll provide you without stint
As dainty a refectation as any Chateau can.
How perfect its appointments and the waiter's service are.
The latter looks familiar. He seems somehow to spring



From no particular place.
But, see! His face
With that of the conductor is quite identical.

He's changed his navy-blue,
And white is now the hue,
Of the coat all stiff and spotless that as waiter he doth wear.
Never hurried, never flurried,
Never even looking worried,
He blandly takes your order with that deferential air,
That plain enough implies
His only duty lies
In serving up what pleases you from off the bill-of-fare.

And oh, that tasty meal!
Who could but feel
Supremely kindly towards the author of it?
Within that tiniest of railway kitchenettes
There surely lurks a culinary wizard. Let's
Just have a look.
The door's ajar a little bit.
You see a chef's white cap and coat
And very plainly may you note
The wearer mixing some compote;
And as you meet his eyes
You fairly reel.



The Canadian National Railway provides one more surprise;
Their parlor-car conductor has assumed a new disguise.
He is the cook!

Hunters and fishermen and sportsmen all,
Who, spring and fall,
Hear Nature's call
To leave your business worries and to make a gladsome trek,
If you would reach the land of your desire—
Find that happy hunting-ground
Where all kinds of game abound—
Take the Canadian National Railway running northward from Quebec;
Get aboard the parlor-car at the observation end,
And there you'll meet
Him who did this ode inspire—
Such a man as without fail you will ardently admire;
For as cook, conductor, waiter, porter, guide, philosopher and friend,
He's hard to beat.

In white or navy-blue
He renders service true
To the company that employs him and the travelling populace.
He fills the bill, he suits the place.
Never hurried, never flurried, never worried,
He's a credit to the human race.



Canadian Canoes

the world's best watercraft.
built to stand the knocks.

—satisfactory service guaranteed—



—write Canadian Canoe Company Limited, Peterborough, Ont. for catalogue. AA—

"There's something about them you'll like"

Package of 20 for 35¢

Herbert Tareyton London Cigarettes

For Your Pipe Herbert Tareyton LONDON SMOKING MIXTURE
"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT YOU'LL LIKE"

Pests of the Summer Season

(Continued from page 22)

(see *Anthology of Modern Verse*) is only an indication that it will be too hot to-morrow, or that rain is certain to spoil the proposed canoe trip. Fair days are only indications of foul weather to come, and rainy days are but the fore-runners of more. We hope it rains the day of his funeral.

The Primitive Man: Deplores the growing effeminacy of summer resort life. Makes himself as conspicuous as possible in the hotel rotunda in soiled khaki trousers and the top of a moth-eaten bathing suit. Smokes a pipe of the vintage of 1902 whenever there's a crowd about, but enjoys a dainty cigarette when quite alone. In the evening he dons a roll-neck sweater à la undergraduate of the old school, and comes to dances smelling of fish and gin. Has a voice like a fog-horn and secretly believes that the ladies like him to treat them rough. Why doesn't he join a lumber camp?

The Motor Launch Pirate: This descendant of Captain Kidd swoops down wherever two or three have gathered together the best looking girls at the hotel, and invites the fair ones out in the 50-foot, high speed Esmaralda. But try to get him to take you to the train some morning. Just try to! Favorite diversions: swamping canoes, and engine trouble on moonlight nights. Ought to be, and probably will be, stabbed by some jealous, honeymooning husband. —J. E. M.

G—G—G

A FRIEND IN NEED

"We'll be friends to the end."

"Lend me ten dollars."

"That's the end."

—Bison.

British Consols



Package of
20 for 25¢

The Golfer's Smoke—and Package

Tears

(Continued from page 13)

dom extended to politicians. We humans are a romantic gang of individuals and must have our heroes. The gent who performs his mundane task each day in front of a grandstand packed with howling citizens and gets his picture in the paper often enough to make the mother of the season's most popular deb. google-eyed, is a good candidate for a pedestal. But on the face of it, the average politician working to get a new bridge for the township, addressing the Beswick Local No. 684 of the Unified Daughters and Sons of O There-He-Goes, providing a place in the civil service for Eb. Hardtack's son, and laying up for himself votes in the coming election, is not a figure surrounded by romance and brilliant lighting effects. He is almost drab.

Another reason may be that since the dog-star was a pup-star, we have had dinned into us the merry jest that

politics and graft are necessarily connected. And way down deep in our inner tubes, the idea has stuck. Hearing the old gag over and over again, we've at last taken the where-there-is-smoke-there-is-fire attitude.

Now the outlook is a bit sinister and murky. A dozen "leaders in the community" were discussing the latest turn in one of the many recent mud-discoveries. Synopsising their opinions, we get the following: "He was a poor fool not to be clever enough to get away with it."

If their stand is a general one, the whole thing resolves itself into a mere matter of curiosity, viz.: Mr. John J. Canadian-Taxpayer has felt for years that he has been stuck, mulcted and played for a sucker; now he is curious and interested to learn details of the way it was done.

Which we will all agree is quite the wrong idea and a very nasty one.
—J. A. C.

The Diet Kitchen Tea Rooms

72 and 80 West Bloor St.

Tel. R. 4382

BREAKFAST
AFTERNOON TEA

LUNCHEON
DINNER

Sunday night supper will be served
in Annex until 9.30



Now to the
Barber for a

1-2-3-4

*Boncilla
Facial*

GET what's coming to you, today. Just settle down in Mr. Barber's chair and murmur, "Boncilla Facial." Then let loose. Relax every muscle and stage a triumphant "come back."

The partnership of Boncilla and Barber will throw several of your years into the discard. They'll fill you with the well-known "V's"—vim, vigor and verve. They'll make a new man out o' you.

Like a congressional investigation Boncilla goes deep—and it brings out the clinkers that obstruct. It puts new life into blood vessels that have been loafers for years. It irons out the wrinkles. It puts the old face back in the youth class.

Oh, it's 1-2-3-4 for fagged faces. Count 'em as they come—first, the Boncilla Pack. Then the Cold Cream. Next, Vanishing Cream. And the big finish—Boncilla Powder.

And then march right out to the nearest toilet goods counter and get a Boncilla Set for "her" who awaits your coming. The Pack-O-Beauty is 50c, or if she's your ideal, take her the No. 37 Ideal Set—full size packages in a gift box.

Druggists everywhere sell
Boncilla preparations

Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario



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**Waterman's
Ideal
Fountain Pen**

A Waterman's Nib Responds to your touch

WHETHER you are a writer or a pianist, you must be the master of your instrument.

To attain to perfection, your instrument must be the master of its kind.

A perfectly balanced Waterman's Ideal, a Waterman's nib made for *your* penmanship will give you the master touch.

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The handiest rendezvous in Toronto; just across the street from the University, and half way between the residential and shopping districts of the city.

LUNCHEON 12.00 to 2.00, — 35 & 50c.
TEA 3.00 to 5.00, — a la carte
DINNER 5.30 to 7.00, — 40 & 65c.



A Dull Life

Jim: "Poor old Bobbins. He spent six months writing his alleged drama, and then it was turned down by the producers."

Jam: "All work and no play, eh?"
—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

G—G—G

Mother: "It's my experience dear, that soldiers and clergymen appeal most to women."

Undergraduate: "Very well, I shall become an Army chaplain."
—*London Mail.*

G—G—G

False Scent

"H-s-s-t!"

"Who's there?"

"I have some whisk—"

(*Sound of sliding bolts, squeaking locks, and opening of heavy doors.*)

"—brooms, that—"

(*Sound of scuffling feet and the crash of glass.*) —*Life.*

G—G—G

He: "You'd better marry me darling. Eligible men are scarce."

She (*reflectively*): "I suppose I could offer that as an explanation."
—*Punch.*

G—G—G

Hot Pursuit

"Is your mother away now?"

"Yes, she's gone to Bagdad."

"Really! I didn't know that he got away."

—*California Wampus.*

G—G—G

A party of 140 Mennonites have gone to Durango, Mex., to establish a colony. "I suppose," supposes Elsie, "they yearn for the open spaces, where Mennonites are Mennonites."

—*N. Y. World.*

Toronto Daily Newspapers

Their Circulation as Told by Themselves

Watch them—they go up and down from month to month

The Mail and Empire
The Mail and Empire is published every lawful morning by The Mail Printing Company, the Proprietors, at the Printing House, corner of King and Bay Streets, Toronto. J. S. DOUGLAS, General Manager.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.
The average number of copies of The Mail and Empire circulated each day during the month of May, 1924, exclusive of all returned, unsold and damaged copies, was

104,716

(Member, A. B. C.)

TORONTO, TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1924.

104,716 ONE EDITION

Morning Papers

The Globe.

CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER
TORONTO

The Globe is published every week day at 64 Yonge Street, Toronto, by the Globe Printing Company, the Proprietors.

W. G. JAFFRAY President
T. S. LYON Editor

Net daily average circulation for month of May

90,477

The Globe is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

90,477 TWO EDITIONS

Evening Papers

THE TORONTO DAILY STAR
Largest Circulation in Canada

THE STAR PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED, Publisher and Proprietor
J. E. Atkinson, President, 18 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

CIRCULATION DURING MAY
The net daily average circulation of The Star for the month of May, 1924, exclusive of special editions, was:

DAILY STAR
In the City 93,285
Suburban 18,404
Country 25,633

137,322 FOUR EDITIONS

THE EVENING TELEGRAM
TORONTO, MONDAY, JUNE 16, 1924

CIRCULATION RETURNS

Month Ending May 31, 1924.
DAILY AVERAGE

112,469

NON-PREMIUM

Daily average in city 104,240
Daily average out of city 8,229

The Evening Telegram is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Call Adelaide 1844 for Mailing Dept. after 6 p.m.

112,469 FIVE EDITIONS

The Mail and Empire

prints no Noon Editions, Specials, "Sportings," "Pink 'uns," Finals nor "Local" Editions.

Every copy is a complete newspaper, and only one edition is published. The Mail and Empire does not duplicate its own circulation.

It would appear that THE MAIL AND EMPIRE has the largest circulation of any Toronto daily in one edition.



"Tea Time"

What a delightful institution is Afternoon Tea! How satisfying to soul and body to sit in congenial company while you consume crisp lettuce sandwiches, golden-brown buttered toast, crunchy macaroons, cake,—and cups of delicious, full-flavored Salada Tea!

"SALADA"

H568



BOYS

*A Babe Ruth
Autograph Bat*

== F R E E ==

Exactly the same as Babe uses
in making his homers

For full particulars, write

Dept D.

GOBLIN MAGAZINE

272 BAY ST., TORONTO

Agents Wanted

Follow the Dollar—\$50 to
\$100 Per Week

the money yours; something new; not an old, worn-out proposition; field untouched; experience unnecessary; takes everybody by storm; money rolls in; show 50 and sell 40; demonstrated in 1 minute; sells on demonstration; the new inkless Fountain Pen, the twentieth century wonder; never leaks or spills; with this pen no more use for the ink bottle; sample pen, 50c. This proposition is 18-karat; money back if not as represented; agent's profit, 200 per cent.; exclusive territory; send for pen and agency to-day.

INKLESS FOUNTAIN
PEN CO.,

Dept. 2,
1522 8th St., Des Moines, Ia.

From a Russian Standpoint

Back home again in Sgrqsptszczs,
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candlelight
Still shining bright
Through the sycamores for me
The new-mown hay sends all its fragrance
O'er the fields I used to roam,
When I dream about
The moonlight on the Zigvich
Then I long for my Sgrqsptszczs home!
—Record.

G—G—G

The Law—"You are charged with being a deserter, having left your wife. Is the charge true?"

Lawbreaker—"No, your honor, I am not a deserter, just a refugee."
—Log.

G—G—G

"My college believes in unlimited cuts."

"What college is that?"

"The State Barber's Institute."
—Record.

G—G—G

Hostess: "But, anyhow, if you do bring an uninvited man, what's the sense of it if you don't dance with him?"

Guest: "Well, he's only taken me out to dinner a dozen times or so, and I think I've made him an ample return."

—Punch.



Scenting Trouble

—Widow.

"There certainly are a lot of marriages between the different classes nowadays."

"I'll say so! Why just yesterday I read that a millionaire's daughter was swept off her feet by a street-cleaner."—Tiger.

G—G—G

"I still feel a boy at 66," says the Bishop of London. It would be a graceful gesture on the part of all juvenile choristers in London to save their cigarette cards for the Bishop.

—London Opinion.

G—G—G

The inventive individual who has constructed a motor-car which can move sideways evidently thinks that at the present time the pedestrian has an unfair advantage.

—Eve.

G—G—G

A scientist has discovered quartz that causes light to turn corners. But, after a few quartz, will it turn them safely?

—Norfolk Pilot.

Smoke OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality



Sealed Package **15¢**
(which keeps the tobacco
in its original condition)

also in 1/2 lb. tins

Manufactured by Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited

First Drunk: "The furnace ish out."

Second Toper: "S'impossible. The cellar door ish locked."

—Puppet.

"GUTTA PERCHA" CORD TIRES

"Quality
all
Through"



"Tires of Amazing Mileage"

Anybody can nurse a poor tire along for a fair mileage record, but "Gutta Percha" Cord Tires stand the gauff of hard usage by the man who drives as he pleases without being handicapped by consideration for his tires.

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited

Head Offices and Factories, Toronto

Branches from Coast to Coast

For Sale by Most Good Dealers in Canada

Big League Stuff

Everyone knows these names—Rudyard Kipling, Arthur Stringer, Ben Ames Williams, Somerset Maugham, W. A. Fraser. Each in his respective field is a master of the writing craft. Each one has a striking story to tell, and each tells it in his own inimitable style.

RUDYARD KIPLING—"A Friend of the Family." One of the type of stories that helped to make Kipling famous; the story of an amazing, incredible act of friendship, by a man who had never seen a table-cloth until he was thirty years old.

ARTHUR STRINGER—"The Rich Cinderella." A story of social comedy and family complications such as the readers of this author delight in; light, breezy, arresting, and crowded with interest.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM—"The Ardent Bigamist." What would you expect of a story so entitled? If you are conversant with Somerset Maugham, you will get just what you expect, a whimsical humor, touched with shafts of ironic wit.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS—"The Road Runner." This author who is rapidly winning a premier place in American letters, is seen here in a new guise. Instead of the almost biblical austerity and directness of style, he here appears with a light and humorous running narrative.

LAWRENCE PERRY—"The Hired Man." There is nothing bucolic about this yarn, despite the flavor of the title. Mr. Perry is well known for his writings on sporting topics, and the sporting atmosphere is strong in this story.

W. A. FRASER—"Animals I Remember." Mr. Fraser made his first success with animal stories. These sketches are his actual reminiscences of animal friends and enemies, touched with the understanding that is characteristic of Mr. Fraser.

OTHER NOTABLE ARTICLES

There are, of course, other notable articles. Scott I. Duthie tells the story of the Hon. T. A. Low, the business man in politics. And J. K. Munro continues his vivid and often vitriolic comments on parliamentary men and events.

These and numerous other smaller articles, and, of course, the Review of Reviews section, make up an unusually interesting and attractive number; June 15.

MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

His favorite dish
Was small pickled fish
And he opened the tin on his knees.
But he grew quite alert—
Dropped the fish in the dirt
As he spotted the Ingersoll (Cream) Cheese.



Sweet Young Thing (in museum): "What is the name of this picture, please?"

Good Looking Attendant: "That is called the 'Land of Reindeer'."

She (icily): "And who painted the—er—'Land of Rain'?"
—Puppet.

G—G—G

He (after five minutes embarrassing silence): "Don't you think that the floor is unusually flat to-night?"

—Purple Cow.

G—G—G

Tabloid Drama

"Gee, Maizie, the moon does enough damage now, but think what it would be responsible for if some one put a soft silk shade on it!"
—New York Sun.

G—G—G

Host: "That whiskey, sir, is twenty years old."

Guest: "Rather small for its age, don't you think?"

—Jack o' Lantern.

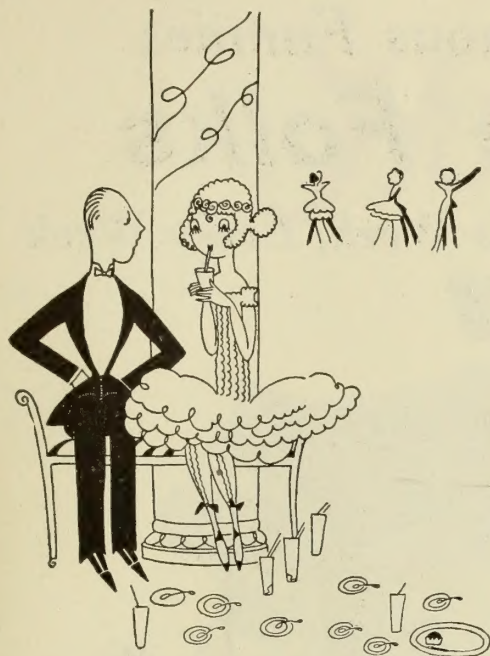
G—G—G

"Keep your mouth shut," said Daniel as he entered the lion's den.
—Record.

G—G—G

He thought he'd surely made a hit,
When for his photograph she prayed.
"Out, when this calls," she wrote on it,
And gave it to the maid.

—Amherst Journal.



*Love Set
for Jacqueline*

It is the Junior Prom. Joe Gish has run off with your car, so you are at a loss what to suggest. Your little partner, Jacqueline, has tired of dancing, and silence is running rampant through the conversation.

What is she thinking—if anything?

In another moment the last sip of the sixth limeade will have trickled down her lovely throat. *Love set* for Jacqueline. She will stare innocently at you for a moment, and then—and then—start popping those deadly “do-you-know’s”. How to forestall them, how to parry them, how to stop them, you will know when you study *Vanity Fair*, the most delightful and enlightening outside reading course offered in any university.—*Ask the man with the perfect line.*

Just Try Ten Issues

In each issue you find:

THE STAGE: Photographs of the beautiful and the unique; reviews and storm warnings; symposiums on theatrical astronomy.

MOVIES: Stills and stories of the meritorious and the unusual. Press agents banned.

HUMOR: Works of poets and other tragedians; res noves with a futuristic flavoring; achievements of intellectual notables and notable intellectuals; the modernistic philosophies.

GRAVAMEN: Cream of humour and crème de menthe; the whimsical; the satirical; and all other forms of variegated grotesquerie.

WORLD OF IDEAS: Every new movement, every revolutionary viewpoint, every unique slant on this

amusing world, is mirrored in
Vanity Fair.

THE SPORTS: All of them—masculine, feminine and neuter—photographs, news items, and methods of play.

THE ARTS, AS SUCH: The best works of the new artists and the new works of the best ones; exhibition gossip and reproductions of the most discussed masterpieces of the season.

BRIDGE, ETC.: All the tricks and turns; how to get the most out of your college education.

AND IN ADDITION:
All the latest notes
in MUSIC, MEN'S
FASHIONS.

MOTORS, and DANCING—all you need to know, recklessly illustrated.

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\$1: Fill it in now—and—just watch
your line.

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 ctions of
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THE COUPON WILL SAVE YOU
 \$1: Fill it in now—and—just watch
 your line.

TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT TEAR IT OUT
 VANITY FAIR, 19 West 44th Street, New York City
 Yes, my line is good for an amateur; but I'm no ama-
 teur; so put me down for ten issues, beginning
 with the current one. . . . Here's the \$2.
 Name, etc. . . .
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The Toonerville Trolley and Skipper in real life in Downtown Toronto Streets.

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TOM SAWYER
CARRIE and HER CAR

With the addition of "Toonerville Folks," The Sunday World's Colored Comic Section stands head and shoulders above any other offered in the Dominion. Follow the new adventures of all your old friends: The Skipper, Aunt Eppie Hogg, the Powerful Katrinka, and Mr. Bang.

**8
PAGES**
THE GUMPS
MR. AND MRS.
PA'S SON-IN-LAW
CUT-OUTS and BINGVILLE

Features and Fiction You'll Enjoy

Sunday World fiction is all "first-run" fiction. In the list for this year are short stories by some of the world's best known writers.

TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

Hotpoint



The Standard by Which all Other Irons are Judged

The Hotpoint Iron has taken all the drudgery out of ironing, and made it one of the most agreeable of household tasks.

It is comfortable to use, owing to its perfect balance and highly polished face which never sticks.

The exclusive thumb rest makes it easy to guide the iron into pleats and tucks, and rests the wrist, giving untold comfort.

HOTPOINT DIVISION

of

Canadian General Electric Co., Limited





Alert— in every way!

NEVER a day—never an hour of the day passes but the average person calls upon stored-up energy, mental or physical. There is a constant wearing out of body tissue and brain cells, of muscles, of blood, of energy and strength. These need replenishment that you may be alert in every way.

Grape-Nuts!

Grape-Nuts is a food which contributes in heaping measure to the general up-keep of the body. Its phosphorus and iron build and repair tissues and muscles; its sugar and starches store up and supply energy—and these starches are largely pre-digested in the process by which Grape-Nuts is made.

It is a perfect food in every way. Perfectly balanced; easily digested; quickly assimilated; soundly nourishing and economical because each package contains so many helpings. Ready to serve—right from the package, with cream or milk. Order from your grocer.

GRAPE-NUTS SURPRISE SALAD

1 cup Grape-Nuts, 1½ cups finely-cut celery, 1½ cups raw cabbage shredded, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ cup French or Mayonnaise dressing.

Soak cabbage in salted ice water twenty minutes, drain thoroughly. Mix with celery, Grape-Nuts, salt and dressing. Arrange in heaps on young curved cabbage leaves. Place these in a nest of lettuce, pour dressing on top and garnish with parsley and pimento. This recipe makes four to six portions.

“There’s a Reason”

Grape=Nuts

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